



# THE ARIEL.

## A LITERARY AND CRITICAL GAZETTE.

VOL. 2.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 23, 1828.

NO. 5.

### FOR THE ARIEL.

#### EPITAPH ON A SQUIRREL.

Fore'd early from his native shade,  
And doom'd a slave to be;  
Here Bun reposes—Death has made  
The little prisoner free.  
Subjected, from his earliest date,  
To every varying whim:  
And far from parents, friends, and mate,  
Few charms had life for him.  
Ye youthful readers treat not with neglect  
This slight memorial—but sometimes reflect,  
Ere from its home, a nestling you remove,  
What you would suffer, torn from all you love.

### FOR THE ARIEL.

Of great riches there is no real use, except it lie  
in the distribution.—BACON.

The liberal and benevolent can have no use for wealth  
unless to administer to their own comfort, and contribute  
to the happiness of others; it is a subject of much  
congratulation to every feeling heart, that we inhabit a  
country where there is perhaps a happier mediocrity of  
property, and far less real distress than exists in any  
other nation of the world. It is also the proud boast  
of every man of sense in the United States, that mon-  
ey, although it gives some weight and influence to the  
possessor, never can impart happiness and respectability,  
except by affording opportunities of doing charitable  
actions. Merit among an enlightened people, and  
especially under a Republican form of Government, is  
the surest and best test of honorable distinction in So-  
ciety; and if a member of the community has but virtue,  
however poor he may be, yet he is more rich in the  
eyes of God, and more worthy in the estimation of  
good men, than if possessed of the mines of Peru.—  
Next to a murderer or an Atheist, what character can  
be more despicable than the sordid miser, who hoards  
up his wealth with an execrable and niggardly spirit so  
degrading to human nature, and so injurious to his fel-  
low-creatures—and whilst he debars himself of the  
common necessities of life, he turns a deaf ear to the  
lamentations of the Poor, and doggedly refuses the  
smallest pittance to relieve the helpless widow and orphan.  
There is another description of animal too  
commonly found in the civilized world, and although  
he cannot be compared to such a wretched being as the  
miser, yet he often excites disgust, as well as both ridicule  
and contempt. I mean the Purse-proud man, who  
rates his consequence in society by his money, and with  
fatuity, and the most consummate vanity, he thinks to  
recommend himself by incessantly vaunting of his  
wealth without having a disposition to make a charitable  
use of it. How truly estimable are those persons  
whom Fortune has favored, and who have the generosity  
to assist the needy—"to feed the hungry, and clothe  
the naked," to admonish the profligate, to soothe the  
afflicted, and rescue from the hard grasp of misery the  
deserving and unfortunate. Wealth is a curse or a  
blessing, in proportion to the purposes to which it is  
applied. It is a cruel and a hateful instrument when  
possessed by a villain!

"But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,  
It blesses like the dews of Heaven."

The gay and heedless care not for the sufferings of  
the poor, and little know how to feel for the sorrows of  
their fellow-beings, until overtaken by misfortune.—  
There are some, who having been surfeited with the  
pleasures of a dissipated life, are disposed to turn their  
pursuits to more serious objects, and under the influence  
of Religion, they are armed with sufficient prudence  
and philosophy to resist the splendid attractions of  
fashionable amusement by which others are dazzled, and hurried into the vortex of Folly.

"Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel riot waste,  
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel this very moment—death,  
And all the sad variety of pain;  
How many sink into the devouring flood,  
Or more devouring Flame. How many bleed,  
By shameful variance 'twixt man and man:  
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,  
Shut from the common air and common use  
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
Of hateful grief, or eat the bitter bread  
Of misery; sore pierced by wintry winds  
How many shrink into the sordid Hut  
Of cheerless Poverty."

So powerful is the dominion of habit over the mind,  
and so great the influence exercised over the actions of  
mankind, that in whatever relates to the accumulation  
of wealth, with some men there is a strong and deep-  
rooted desire to store up and increase their riches, with  
a calculating spirit that never sleeps, but haunts the  
imagination day and night, 'till it becomes a disease, and  
makes the rich man more an object of pity than envy.  
And such is the force of this habit, that some men de-  
rive their sole pleasure from an inveterate desire of  
gain, affording to individuals and the public little ben-  
efit from their wealth during their lives. Lord Bacon  
hath remarked, "Defer not charities 'till death, for cer-  
tainly if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so, is rather  
liberal of another man's than of his own." Fortune,  
ever wayward and fickle in the distribution of her  
favors, too frequently lavishes them on misers and  
fools, by whom they are shamefully abused; but when  
she displays her wisdom by selecting people of benevolence,  
sound sense, and refined taste, on whom to bestow her  
gifts, she confers a signal benefit on society,  
and becomes propitious to all Public Institutions of  
utility, and promotes the success of private charities.—  
It would be needless to enumerate the various chan-  
nels by which the wealth of the munificent and charita-  
ble can be conveyed for the advantage of the Public.  
Gold was never designed by Providence to be withheld  
by the miser from the use of mankind, or yet to be  
lavished on the selfish and covetous, but to circulate  
like Pactolian streams, and to be diffused throughout  
the land.

### CIVIS.

**TAKING A LIBERTY.**—The most singular instance  
of British pride is related of a man known in his time  
by the name of the "Proud Duke of Somerset." The  
pillar of the "Corinthian capital of polished society,"  
married a second wife. One day with an affectionate  
ease she suddenly threw her arm round his neck, and  
fondly saluted him. "Madam," said the unmanly peer,  
"My first wife was a Percy, and she would not have  
taken such liberty."

### FROM THE CYPRESS WREATH.

#### I WATCH FOR THEE.

I watch for thee—when parting day  
Sheds on the earth a ling'ring ray;  
With his last blushes, o'er the rose  
A richer tint of crimson throws,  
And ev'ry flow'ret's leaves are curled  
Like Beauty, shrinking from the world;  
When silence reigns, o'er lawn and lea,  
Then, dearest love!—I watch for thee!

I watch for Thee!—when eve's first star  
Shines dimly in the heaven afar;  
And twilight's mists and shadows grey  
Upon the lake's broad waters play:  
When not a breeze, or sound, is heard  
To startle evening's lonely bird;  
But hushed is e'en the humming bee—  
Then, dearest Love!—I watch for Thee!

I watch for thee!—when, on the eyes  
Of childhood, slumber gently lies:  
When sleep has stilled the noisy mirth  
Of playful voices round our hearth,  
And each young cherub's fancy glows,  
With dreams that only childhood knows,  
Of pleasures past—or yet to be—  
Then dearest Love!—I watch for Thee!

I watch for Thee!—Hope of my heart!  
Returning from the crowded mart  
Of worldly toil, and worldly strife,  
And all the busy scene of life;—  
Then, if thy brow of brightness wear  
A moment's space, the shade of care,  
My smile, amid the gloom, shall be  
The rainbow of the storm to Thee!

### SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Cherub! who thy watch dost keep  
On the tall and rocking mast,  
Speed the seaman o'er the deep!  
Shield him from the angry blast!

Guard him, still, from breakers dread—  
From waves below and storms above;  
And when he rests his weary head,  
Grant him dreams of home and love!

And when near him grimly Death,  
Sits on the rock or yawning wave,  
Do thou his sails, with thy sweet breath,  
So fill to snatch him from the grave.

And speed, oh speed the fisher's boat!  
And waft him safe through storm and squall,  
To those at home who on him doat,  
And wait him when the shadows fall.

Cherub! who thy vigils keepest  
Where mountain waves the tempests form;  
Guardian power! who never sleepest,  
Guide the sailor through the storm.

### STANZAS.

Good night! Oh, may thy slumbers be  
Smiling as that of infancy,  
And in thine undisturbed repose  
Forget this world—at least its woes;  
But if there be one tender thought,  
With kind and sweet remembrance fraught,  
Which, when awake, exerts its powers,  
Some treasured one of memory's flowers,  
May that be pictured to thy view,  
And in thy slumbers bless thee too!  
Now on thy eyelids let me press  
One kiss of truth and tenderness,  
To seal them o'er this morning's light;  
Good night—another kiss—good night.

## CROSSING THE LINE.

"There it is at last," said the midshipman of the watch to a young Irish cadet who was standing near him on the poop of an outward bound East Indiaman; "there it is at last."

"What is it?" asked the young soldier. "The line, to be sure, the equinoctial line which we have all been so anxiously looking for."

"Ah, no,—sure you don't *mean* to persuade me that you can see it?" "Take my glass then, and look out yonder about a point on the lee bow, and persuade *yourself* whether you can see it or not." The young Irishman had no sooner put his eye to the tube than he exclaimed, "Sure and there is a line yonder, I do not see it without the glass, but it cannot be very far off." "No, it is not very far off," said the Midshipman, laughing heartily; "it is all in your eye, Pat. Do you remember the story of the fly on the clergyman's spectacles? look at the glass." On examination Pat found a *hair* sticking horizontally across the lower lens of the telescope, which had been fixed there by the mischievous Midshipman.

The sun was just setting—the clouds were tinged with all the gorgeous hues of a tropical sky, assuming every variety of strange and grotesque appearance, and the water reflected back the image of the heavens, if possible, with increased splendor. As far as the eye could reach, nothing was visible but the glassy undulating surface of the sea, tremulously rippled here and there under the partial influence of the *cat's paw* which played over it. The ship was gliding slowly over the smooth expanse of water—her large sails flapping heavily against her masts as the sea rose and fell, and her smaller canvass just swelling with the breeze and lending its feeble aid to urge her onwards. Groups of passengers were lounging up and down the quarter-deck and poop, or leaning over the hammock-nettings, admiring the beauties of the evening, while the ship's musicians were doing all in their power to murder time and harmony for their amusement. The seamen were in high glee, for the quarter-master had heard the officer of the forenoon watch report the latitude at noon to the Captain 2 deg. N.; and they knew that Neptune would soon make his appearance. Just as the increasing dusk of evening began to render objects indistinct and obscure, the *lookout* on the forecastle called out, "A light right ahead, Sir!"— "Very well, my boy, keep your eye upon it, and let me know if we near it," said the officer of the deck. In a short time the man exclaimed, "The light is close aboard of us, Sir;" and immediately a loud confused roaring noise was heard, and a Stentorian voice bawled out, "Ho! the ship ahoy!" "Hallo!" said the officer. "What ship is that?" "The Heavitree." "What, my old friend Captain Blowhard? He is welcome back again. Tell him his old friend Neptune means to pay him a visit to-morrow at ten o'clock, and hopes he will warn his children to have their chins in readiness for his razor. Good night." "Good night." "Won't you go *forward* and see Neptune's car?" said the young Midshipman to our friend Pat; "it is worth your while to look at the old boy whisking along at the tail of half a score of dolphins, with a poop light, as big as the full moon, blazing over his stern, you can see him quite plain from the forecastle." "Sure, I'll go see the fun whatever it is," said Pat, and off they ran, followed by about a dozen of the poop loungers,—the reefers soon disappeared under the galley deck, while the cads rushed upon the forecastle, where they had hardly effected a safe landing, when splash—splash—splash—bucket after bucket of water came down upon their heads from the foretop; and loud shouts of laughter from all parts of the ship indicated the general joy at witnessing the astonishment and discomfiture of the *gulphins*. In the meantime, Neptune's car, in the shape of a

lighted tar barrel, went slowly astern, casting an unsteady flickering light on the sails and rigging as it passed, and was seen floating in the ship's *wake*, till its dwindling flame disappeared in the distance, like a star sinking beneath the horizon.

The character of the scene was completely altered since the final disappearance of the sun below the horizon. A brilliant moon shone clearly in a bright and cloudless sky, her bright beams riding on a path of liquid silver over the sea, while the gigantic shadow of the ship seemed to be skimming its way through the myriads of glittering stars, reflected from the thickly studded heaven.

No sooner were the decks washed in the morning, than the "active note of preparation" was heard among the eager sailors, who had been for weeks anticipating the pleasures of that day. The jolly boat full to the gunwale, was ready to answer the purpose of a bathing tub, and a party coloured pole erected over it, with a sign purporting that this was Neptune's easy shaving shop. A screen was drawn across the forepart of the *waist*, to conceal the operation of the actors in the approaching ceremony. All was bustle and animation; the carpenter's gang converting an old gun carriage into a triumphal car; the gunner preparing flags for its decoration; his mate busy with his paint brush bedaubing the tars who were to act as sea horses; and the charioteer preparing and putting on Neptune's livery. At length all was ready for the reception of the king of the sea.

"On deck there!" cried the man at the mast head. "Hollo!" cried the Captain of the watch. A strange sail in sight, right ahead, Sir." "Very well, my boy, can you make out what she is?" "She looks like a boat Sir." The officer made his reports to the Captain, who desired to be informed when the boat was near the ship. Among the apparently joyous group, many a white check was now seen to belie the loud laughter of its owner. "We are nearing the boat fast, Sir!" and the Captain made his appearance on deck to reconnoitre the approaching stranger.— "Ho! the ship ahoy!" cried a loud voice;—"lay your maintopsail to the mast, and give us a rope for the boat." "Forecastle there! a rope for the boat. Let go the main topbowline!" bawled the officer of the deck, repeating the Captain's orders.

A bugle note was now heard, and Neptune made his appearance over the ship's bows.— He was dressed in sheep skins, with a flaxen beard descending to his waist, and a trident in his hands with a fine fish sticking on the prongs. After he had descended into the *waist*, the screen we had before mentioned was withdrawn, and the procession moved on. First came the ship's band, fantastically dressed for the occasion, and playing 'Rule Britannia,' with might and main; next followed the triumphal car, decorated with various colored flags, in which were seated Neptune, Amphitrite, and Triton; and immediately in the rear followed the *suite*, consisting of the barber, doctor, scribe and about a dozen party-coloured demi-gods acting as water bailiffs. Previous to the outset of the procession, all those unfortunates who had never crossed the line, were driven below; the *gratings* were laid on fore and aft, and sentries stationed at the hatchways to prevent an escape. On came the pageant: Neptune looked as majestic as his trident and sheepskins could make him: Amphitrite, with the assistance of a little red paint, and *oakum* locks, and arrayed in the cast-off robes of some of the lady passengers, was a passable representation of a *she* monster:—The barber brandished his razors—the scribe displayed his *list* and looked vastly knowing, with his three-cornered hat, *floured* wig, pen behind his ear, and ink-horn dangling at his buttonhole, the horses pranced as uncouthly, and looked as unlike

sea-horses as possible; and the coachman, proud of his livery and shoulder-knots, cracked his whip, dashed his horses for *lubbers*, and contrived, by dint of *singing out* "hard a port" to his horses, to *weather* the after hatchway, and then *bear up* round the *captain*, where with a graceful "pull up" of the reins, very much like "a strong pull at the main-brace," and a "vast there" to his obedient cattle, he stopped the car.

The Captain was waiting under the poop awning to receive Mr. Neptune, and an interesting conversation commenced, too long to be inserted here, but which ended in his majesty's giving the Captain to understand that his long morning ride over the waves had given himself and his lady a vile cold in the stomach, a hint which the Captain's steward perfectly understood, and administered to his wants accordingly. The whole of his suite were immediately seized with the same complaint, and all required the application of the same remedy. Neptune then thrust out his trident to the Captain's steward with a graceful air, as if he meant to impale him, but it was merely for the purpose of presenting the fish on its prongs, as an addition to "his honor, the Captain's dinner;" and Madame Neptune presented her bottle of fresh milk (which happens to be salt water) for the captain after his long voyage. During this interview the men were all standing near the gangway, armed with buckets of water, wet swabs, &c. and impatient for the commencement of the *fun*. At length the band struck up "Off she goes." "Carry on, you lubbers," said the coachman; crack went the whip, off pranced the horses, and away whirled the car, which no sooner approached the gangway than the procession was greeted with torrents of water, and his godship was half smothered with his own element. After the first *effusions* of greeting were over, Neptune left his car, and mounted up on his *booms*, where he sat in regal state to superintend the operations of the day. Beside him was seated the fair Amphitrite; her *drifting white* robes glued to her elephant-like limbs, and her wet *oakum* locks clinging to her cheek, like sea weed to a weather-beaten rock. The clerk handed to his Majesty a list of his *children*, who were recommended for kind and particular attention. "Saunders Me-Quake is the first on the list," said Neptune; "Bring him up." Away scampered the tritons (or constables,) who were naked to the waist, the upper part of their bodies hideously painted, fantastic looking caps on their heads, and short painted staves in their hands. The *main hatch grating* was lifted, and up came poor Saunders, with a face as white as the handkerchief which covered his eyes, and shivering with anticipations, shouldered by two tritons. His tormentors seated him on the edge of the jolly-boat at the gangway, and the barber, turning toward Neptune, said "please your honour, which shall I use?" holding up at the same time three razors, two of which might well have been mistaken for *saws* of different magnitudes, and the third made of a smooth iron hoop, without any teeth. "Let us hear what he has to say for himself first," said Neptune: "Where do you come from Saunders?" "From Scot—oh! oh!" cried the poor fellow, as the barber thrust a well-filled tar-brush into his mouth "how long is it since you left it?"—but Saunders had gained experience: he set his teeth, pressed his lips together, and sat a ludicrous picture of fear mixed with desperate resolution. "A close Scot, I see," said Neptune, "give him soap to soften his *phizog* and teach him to open his mouth." The Barber lathered his patient's cheeks with tar, brandished his *smoothest* razor with most becoming grace, and completed the operation without scraping much skin off. The doctor, with his vial of tar-water, and his box of *indescribable* pills stood by, ready

to take advantage of every involuntary gasp of the poor Scotchman. At a given signal, the bandage was taken from his eyes, and he was thrown suddenly backwards, and left floundering in the water till some charitable hand dragged him out. Half drowned, and blind with salt water, he rushed onwards, he knew not where, like a hare before its pursuers, and stumbled over a rope stretched purposely across the deck as a trap rope for the unwary, and while he lay prostrate he received the contents of all the buckets in the ship on his head. Again he rose—again he ran and again he fell; but at last, having run the gauntlet through the whole length of the *waist*, he gained the fore-castle, seized a bucket, and hastened to console himself for his fright and suffering by inflicting upon another all that he had endured himself. All the *uninitiated* danced to the same tune as Saunders, with the *barber's variations* of—smooth, rougher, roughest; and it will be tedious, as well as unnecessary, to describe the *course of treatment* pursued by the *doctor* towards each individual patient. When the whole list of the condemned had been gone through, Neptune (now a *watery* god no longer) dived below to take his share of the extra *grog* allowed to the ship's company: the small sails (which previously furled) were set by the watch, and a light breeze springing up, as if in honour of Neptune's departure, the Heavitree, with all her canvass spread, began to move slowly and steadily through the water beneath its influence.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.  
LARGE TREES.

Chardin the traveller, tells us that in the King's Garden at Shiras, (in Persia,) "he observed a tree whose trunk was eight yards in circumference. From the great age of this tree, it was treated with peculiar veneration by the inhabitants; they pray under its shade, and hang chaplets, amulets, and pieces of their clothes, on its boughs. The sick, or their friends, resort here to burn incense, to fix lighted candles to the trunk, and to perform other superstitious ceremonies in the hopes of their health. Throughout Persia there are many other trees thus superstitiously reverenced by the people."

*The Charter Oak*, in Connecticut.—From the best information that we can obtain, says a Hartford paper, this tree is no less than four hundred years old; it is twenty-eight feet in circumference near the ground, and at the height of seven feet, 20 in circumference; the height of the tree, as near as can be ascertained, is about seventy feet; some of its branches extend nearly twenty feet.

In May, 1826, there was an Elm blown down in Wells, (Maine,) which measured twenty-seven feet four inches in circumference, making the diameter something over nine feet, and was 40 feet from the foot to a crotch; from thence it was twenty feet to the first limb, running to the height of sixty feet from the bottom before it had any limbs, when it expanded to an immense size. The exact height of the tree could not be accurately obtained, as the top was much broken, but was computed to be upwards of one hundred feet.

An Elm tree, standing near the house of Captain Joshua Avery, in Stratham, (Mass.) and reared since his recollection, at four feet from the ground, measures eighteen feet in circumference, and one hundred feet from the extremity of the branches on the one side to the extremity of them on the other. It was planted eighty years ago; and to use Capt. A.'s expression, was then smaller than his thumb.

Mr. Nelson, the Botanist, who accompanied Capt. Bligh to the South Sea, for the purpose of conveying the Bread-Fruit Tree to the West Indies, when on Van Dieman's Land, found a tree in a thriving state, of the enor-

mous size of thirty-three feet and a half in girth, and of a proportionable height.

In Cook's first voyage, Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Scudler, (I think it was in New Zealand,) measured a tree that was ninety-feet high from the ground to the first branch, quite straight, and nineteen feet in circumference; and they found still larger trees as they advanced into the wood.

On Cook's third Voyage they saw Indian canoes on the North-west coast of America—the largest of which carried twenty persons or more, and formed of one tree. Many of them are forty feet long, seven broad, and about three deep.

We are told, in the narrative of Governor Philip, in his voyage to Botany Bay, that on Norfolk Island, the pines arrive at a magnitude unusual in any other part of the world; some of them are 160, or even 180 feet in height, and 9 or 10 feet in diameter, at the bottom of the trunk. They frequently rise to 80 feet without a branch.

The Elm in Hatfield, (Mass.) is said to be the largest tree in New-England. It measures in circumference 34 feet, at two feet from the ground; at the height of five feet, the smallest place in the trunk, the circumference is 24 ft. 6 in. There is a cut in the tree four feet from the ground, which, traditions says, was made by the Indians, for the highest rise of Connecticut river.

The largest tree in Great Britain, that I have ever read of, is the one cited by Smellie, in his philosophy of Natural History; which was growing at Cowthorpe, near Wetherby, upon the estate belonging to the Right Hon. Lady Stourton. The dimensions are almost incredible. Within three feet of the surface, it measures sixteen yards, and close by the ground, twenty-six yards. Its height, in its present and ruinous state, (1776), is about 85 feet, and its principal limb extends sixteen yards from the boll. When compared to this, (says Dr. Hunter,) all other trees are but children of the forest.

The following account of the celebrated horse Chesnut, of Mount Aetna, is from Brydon's Travels: "Leaving the Catania road on the left, they began to ascend the mountain, in order to visit the celebrated tree, known by the name of the Chesnut Tree of an hundred Horse, which, for some centuries, has been regarded as one of the greatest wonders of Aetna.

At the end of the first region, the ascent became much more rapid, till they arrived at the beginning of the second region of Aetna, called La Region Sylvana, by the natives; because it is composed of one vast forest that extends all round the mountain.—The woody region of Aetna ascends for about eight or nine miles, and forms a zone or girdle, of the brightest verdure, all round the mountain. *The same author says,*

"Near this place they passed through some beautiful woods of cork and ever-green oak, growing out of the lava; and proceeding about five miles farther, they came to the chesnut tree already mentioned, which, in the old maps of Sicily, always makes a conspicuous figure. Mr. Brydon says he was rather disappointed, as it appeared rather a cluster of five trees growing together, than a single root; however, he was assured that they were all once united in the same stem, and that in the days of old, it was regarded as the beauty of the forest, and visited from all quarters. It measured no less than 274 feet in circumference; and if, as it is pretended, it was formerly one trunk, it must, indeed, have been a wonderful phenomenon in the vegetable kingdom. There are many other trees in this vicinity, of extraordinary magnitude. Our author measured one which rose in a solid trunk to a considerable height, that was not less than 76 feet in circumference, at two feet from the ground."

The Lexington (Ky.) Public Advertiser says that there now stands on the bank of the Ohio river in the State of Indiana opposite the mouth of Salt river, a sycamore tree, which has stabled fourteen head of horses at one time, with ample room. It takes 75 long paces to go round its trunk, and you may with perfect ease turn a fourteen foot pole in the inside of its cavity.

In Lewis and Clark's Expedition, they saw Pine trees at the mouth of Columbia river, of twelve feet diameter, and two hundred feet high.

**THE STOLEN PIG.**—A person of respectability, though of narrow mind, lived in a village where the inhabitants vied with each other to contribute to his pleasure; even when any of them killed a fat pig, they never failed to send him some choice bit.

At last he thought proper to kill one too. On the arrival of the butcher, he opened his mind to him by observing, "My good neighbors have frequently presented me with a share of their pigs, when they kill, and I am at a loss how to avoid returning the like favor." After a pause of a few moments, "Oh," said he, "now I have hit it, I'll say my pig is stolen." "Aye aye, do so," said the butcher, "that will do." The pig was brought forth, killed and hung up in the kitchen, to remain till morning. The butcher knowing the disposition of his employer, and thinking he might play his part, repaired in the night to old Gripeall's kitchen, and bore off the pig. In the morning he went to the gentleman's house to finish his work, and as expected meets the owner of the pig in a most violent rage at his loss. "Hey day, what is the matter?" said the butcher. "Matter! some villain has stolen my pig: what shall I do?" "That's right," said the butcher, assuming an arch look, "that's right, you'll do; egad you do it well." "But it is *really* stolen," said the man. "Stick to that, stick to that," said the butcher, "and you will do. You act the part well, and I'll be bound there is not a person in the neighborhood, who will not believe you to be in earnest."

**A DREAM OF HEAVEN.**

Lo, the seal of death is breaking,  
Those who slept its sleep are waking,—

Eden opens her portal fair!

Hark, the harps of God are ringing,  
Hark, the seraphs' hymn are singing,  
And the living rills are flinging

Music on immortal air!

There, no more at eve declining,  
Suns without a cloud are shining  
Over the land of life and love;

Heaven's own harvests woo the reaper,  
Heaven's own dreams entrance the sleeper,  
Not a tear is left the weeper

To profane one flower above.

No frail lilies there are breathing,  
There no thorny rose is wreatheing,  
In the bowers of paradise:—

Where the founts of life are flowing,  
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,  
Mid superber verdure glowing

Than is sunn'd by mortal skies.

There the groves of God, that never  
Fade or fall, are green forever;

Mirror'd in the radiant tides;

There, along the sacred waters,  
Unprofaned by tears or slaughters,  
Wander earth's immortal daughters,

Each a pure Immortal's bride.

There no sigh of memory swelleth,  
There no tear of misery dwelleth,

Hearts will bleed or break no more;

Past is all the cold world's scorning,  
Gone the night and broke the morning,

With seraphic day adorning

Life's glad waves and golden shore.

Oh, on that bright shore to wander,  
Trace those radiant waves' meander,

All we lov'd and lost to see,—

Is this hope, so pure, so splendid,  
Vainly with our being blended?

No! with time ye are not ended,

Visions of Eternity!

## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28, 1828.

EDM. F. BROWN, No. 51, Cherry Street, New York, is Agent for the Ariel. Subscribers in that city will be served regularly by carriers every other Saturday. Mr. Brown will receive subscriptions, and furnish any numbers, complete, from the beginning of the Volume.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

SIR: The communication in the Ariel of the 31st ult, under the signature of P. S., is a most infamous plagiarism. The principal part of the article in question, was originally extracted from *Silliman's Tour*, and was printed in the *Eastern Chronicle* nearly two years ago. It was also published in many other papers about the same time: a few only of the first sentences have been slightly altered, mostly by mere transposition; the residue, commencing at "Just as the efflux of water, &c." is verbatim from Silliman. I hope Mr. Editor, you will give your "friend P. S." the chastigation he deserves. I doubt not, that many of your readers have discovered the theft before this time, and I should not, therefore, have taken the trouble to "nail the base coin to the counter," were it not that as the communication in question purports to have been written in Maine, I feared you, or your readers, might suppose, that our good citizens were all light fingered; and, moreover, P. S. having adopted a signature which stands as the initials of my name, I wished to avert the stigma from resting on all entitled to use those letters as the signs of their cognomen. A REAL P. S.

Gardiner, Me. June 6.

*Remark by the Editor.*—We cheerfully "nail the base coin to the counter," on discovering it to be so, as it will oblige the real P. S. The article was interesting, and came in a plausible shape, and no wonder that we were imposed upon. P. S. however, as a brother type, can sympathise with us, in the mortifications we feel at being so imposed upon. The base coin, therefore, which we have been the means of circulating, will be nailed to the counter wherever it is found.—*Ed. Ariel.*

*The Printer's Devil.*—The name of this mysterious personage has long been much bandied about by printers, greatly to their own amusement, but frequently to the wonder of sundry uninformed readers. At the request of a correspondent who has desired an explanation of the term, we have looked into the fact with some care, and the following is the result of our research.

In the tenth year of his reign, (1470,) the first book printed in France, was executed, at Paris, by Ubie Gering. The art of printing, which has had so powerful an influence on the improvement of the human mind, and in the reformation of government and religion, known to the Chinese, in a rude, though efficient mode, upwards of a thousand years before, was re-discovered, it is generally agreed, by Laurentius Kosser, a wealthy citizen of Haerlem, in Holland, about the year 1460. Laurentius, it is stated, by an early writer on the discovery of printing, when walking in a wood picked up a small bough of a tree which had been broken off by the wind. He then sat down and amused himself by cutting upon it some letters, and wrapped up in a piece of paper, the part which he had thus engraved. He afterwards fell asleep, and when he awoke, he perceived that the paper, having been moistened from a shower of rain, had received an impression from the letters—which induced him to pursue the accidental discovery, until he applied it to printing. Laurentius, however, proceeded no further than to the use of wooden blocks, in the manner of stereotype. To this incipient mode an improvement was made by two brothers, named Genisfleiche, or Gettumburg, who had been in the employment of Laurentius, and after his death carried off part of his printing blocks to Mentz, in Germany; where they succeeded in forming separate metal types, with engraved faces. But the art was yet far from being completed. It seems to have been brought nearly to its present state of perfection, by Peter Schaeffer, of the latter city; who, in the year 1456, cast a fount of types from matrices, or moulds, previously cut with the several letters. With this invention, John Faustus, now his partner, but formerly his employer, was so much pleased, that he gave the ingenious artist his only daughter in marriage.

"In the year 1460, Faustus, (or Faust as he is sometimes called,) and his partner Schaeffer, printed an

edition of the Bible. This was a very expensive work, and was five years in the press. It was this edition as some authors relate, of which Faustus carried a number of copies to Paris; where he sold them, first for six hundred, then for five hundred crowns each; which were the prices commonly given to the scribes, for very elegant copies of the scriptures: He afterwards, by degrees, reduced the price to thirty crowns. It is said that the purchasers were ignorant that these copies were printed; and that it was the policy of Faustus to make them believe that they were written. They were an exact imitation of the best manuscripts. As he lowered his price, his sales increased, and people were astonished at his producing copies as fast as they were wanted. When he reduced the price to thirty crowns, all Paris was amazed, both on account of the uniformity and the quantity produced, it was believed that he had made a league with the devil; and he was accused of being a magician. The Catholic clergy were alarmed, as they feared the Scriptures would get into the hands of laymen. His lodgings were searched by the police—several Bibles were found, and the red ink with which the illuminators had made the great capitals at the beginning of each chapter, was pronounced to be his blood. Faustus fled, and escaped the death which awaits such hapless victims of superstition; and from this story originated the story of "the Devil and Doctor Faustus."

## THINGS IN GENERAL.

Mr. Robert McDowell, of Buckingham township, Bucks County, on the 1st of June, pulled from amongst his rye, two stalks, which measured each *nine feet six inches* in length.—Mr. McDowell does not hesitate in saying he has eight acres of the best rye in Bucks, or even in Chester county.

James Perkins, Esq. of Boston, has presented one thousand dollars to the Asylum for Indigent Boys, to enable that society to support its usual number of destitute children. The buildings of this society would accommodate seventy children, but its funds are hardly sufficient for half that number.

An editor in one of the country towns in the Western States, makes a most strange apology for the non-appearance of his paper on the regular day of publication, which we give in his own words.

"I feel ashamed to own the fact, but 'murder will out.' The plain reason was, my readers, that my dear wife said *I must stay at home and take care of the children, while she went to a camp meeting*, and as I am a peace making sort of a man, I did as I was bid, which is the only apology I have to make."

Mr. Olivar Hunt, near Princeton, N. J. advertises for information concerning his son Edward, about 31 years of age, 5 feet, 7 or 8 inches high, black eyes, Roman nose and good teeth, who a short time since left his father's house, in a melancholy state of mind.

*MONSTROUS SERPENT.*—A Rattle Snake was killed a few days ago at Hamilton, Harris County, Geo. measuring 6 1-2 feet long, and 22 1-2 inches in circumference,—its mouth when expanded was six inches between the extremities—there were only seven rattles to the tail, the balance having probably been lost in combat with some of his serpentine tribe. When the snake was killed, it had a large rabbit in its mouth nearly swallowed, which caused it to become an easy prey to its murderer. The fangs were extracted and measured nearly two inches long. (*Twang!*)

Among a number of acts recently passed by the Corporation of Washington City, we notice "An act supplementary to an act to extirpate Thistles."

On Monday morning, the colors of the shipping in the port of New York, were displayed at half-mast, as a mark of regret for the injuries inflicted on their comrade by the passage of the *TARIFF BILL*.

The ship Jefferson, Cornick, arrived in Baltimore last week, from Havre, brought out 174 Swiss emigrants, men, women, and children.—Their appearance it is said, gives assurance that they will benefit both themselves and our country, by their change.

A Wesleyan Missionary Meeting was lately held in Jamaica. It was stated that 500 Missionaries are employed by the Methodists in different parts of the world—and that there are 11,000 Methodists in Jamaica.

There were three cases of slander before the superior court of James county, Georgia, last week. In the first the jury gave a verdict of 1000 dollars, and cost of suit for the plaintiff. In the second the verdict was 2000 dollars and costs of suit.

The steam-engine constructed on the Wadsworth principle, consumes less than 1 1-2 feet of wood per hour. One of them is in operation in Providence and another in Merrimack.

*SMALL BUSINESS.*—By an advertisement in a Liverpool, (Eng.) paper, the Mayor of that town cautions the shopkeepers, and citizens generally, against counterfeit coin of the denomination of one farthing.

If Beer is bottled when the bottles are wet it is never good. The bottles ought to be dry—perfectly dry—and the corks good.

A curious discussion has arisen in the Boston papers whether *lithographic votes*, are legal votes. The constitution of Massachusetts prescribes written votes.

The Greek Committee of New York acknowledge further donations from various sections of our country, to the amount of \$12,594.28. It would have reflected much more honor on the country if this sum had been raised for the benefit of Clinton's property.

*WHEELS.*—Broad rimmed wheels, for stages and carriages of burden, are coming into very general use in Massachusetts. They are said to be altogether superior to narrow rimmed wheels.

A gentleman in Pennsylvania has 12 trees of the soft shelled Almonds which have passed the winter without injury from frost, and are now in leaf.

*BAD BUSINESS.*—The whole amount of *damages* recovered in five suits lately terminated at Newport, was 54 dollars 72 cts.—and the *cost* 307 dollars 73 cts.

A nest of counterfeiters has lately been broken up in New York, and a large amount of counterfeit bills taken. There are many rogues now in that city, and the fires are mostly attributed to them.

A second vessel will be despatched from N. York, with contributions to the Greeks, on or about the 20th of July.

Several buildings have recently been injured by lightning in Vermont.

The steeple of Dr. Proudfit's church, in Salem, N. J. was struck by lightning on Saturday the 7th inst.

There are thirty lines of stages running out of Boston—four years ago there were five.

## LINES, FOR THE ARIEL.

When twilight spreads her mantle o'er the skies,  
And nature lies in glowing, calm repose,  
I love to steal away from human eye,  
And meditate upon the works of Him  
Who made them all, and "saw that it was good."

The moon in majesty, the azure sky,  
And all the glittering ornaments on high,  
Proclaim th'existence of a God above,  
And fill the mind with pure and holy love.

I love, betimes, to stand upon the shore,  
And hear the roaring of the mighty deep.  
Whose swelling waves alternate roll along,  
Bearing in majesty the stately barque  
Thro' bounding billows foaming at her side.  
Tho' perils thick array their direful forms,  
She stems the billows, and outrides the storms.

I love at eventide, to stroll along  
Beside the murmuring stream that gently glides  
In calm and peaceful motion thro' the vale,  
And down the winding bank serenely flows,  
Or swiftly o'er the steep impetuous rolls  
With headlong force, nor stops its mad career  
Until it mingleth with the briny deep.

In roving thro' the fields, when Nature, clad  
In smiling, gay attire, resumes her reign,  
And cheers the gloom of winter's barren blast:  
I love to view the glories of her hand  
So richly fraught with wisdom, and with love.  
The little playful lambs, in joyous groups,  
Sporting around their dams, and o'er the hills,  
Unconscious of the fate by which they're bound,  
Truly bespeak that happiness is theirs.

I love to hear the little songster's notes,  
Sent up in pure and lively gratitude,  
To Him, who hears the lonely raven's cry,  
"Who wakes the blushing spring, breathes in the gale,  
In every flower with vernal beauty blooms."

When morning's light first gilds the orient skies,  
And lovely nature smiles the earth to joy,  
I love to wander into the haunts of men,  
To some fair scene where solitude presides,  
And sit me down upon a grassy mound,  
And sing of friendship, and of days gone by.  
But every scene like this, however fair,  
Cannot with virtue's smiles or tears compare;  
With purest zeal affection's cause she pleads,  
Nor envy's wiles, nor cruel slander heeds.

O, lovely is the scene where I can see  
A humble heart replete with piety,  
But at her Maker's shrine in pious prayer;  
What Heav'nly eloquence—what love divine is there!

O, virtue! loveliest image of the blest,  
By angels honor'd, and by saints caress'd,  
'Tis thine to cheer the gloomy path of life,  
And calm the tumult of disorder'd strife:  
Thy movements gentle, and thy accents mild,  
By vice ne'er burden'd, nor by sin defil'd,  
Thou art an emblem of the saints on high,  
Daughter of peace, and meek ey'd charity.

MAX, 1828.

W—M—

## A CARD.

The Editor of the Ariel, with extreme mortification, is compelled thus publicly to inform his country subscribers, that the remittances on this volume have fallen very far short of what he had conceived to be justly his due. It is now two months since this volume commenced, and by far the larger proportion of his subscribers have received it without remitting a farthing. The terms are in advance, and he fully expected they would have been complied with.

The Editor has done every thing in his power to render the work deserving of their patronage. The embellishments far surpass those of any other work published in Philadelphia, and have already cost the Editor a large sum. Yet, so far, his subscribers have not paid him. A liberal offer was made to them, that six additional plates would be given, if nine tenths should pay in a given time. He now solicits them as a matter of right—and hopes, (for these urgent solicitations are very unpleasant to him) that a speedy remittance of each account will be made. The Editor is absolutely in want of funds, and the wheels of the establishment need greasing. It is earnestly desired that all letters may be post paid.

**AN INVITATION TO DINNER.**—It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. "I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house, about the time he was known to sit down to dinner, and tells the servant that he must then speak with his master, for that he could save him a thousand pounds. "Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a great hurry wishes to speak with you, who says he can save you a thousand pounds." Out came the master, "what is that you say, sir—that you can save me a thousand pounds?" "Yes, sir, I can—but I see you are at dinner; I will go myself and dine, and call again." "O, pray sir, come in and take dinner with me." "Sir, I shall be troublesome." "Not at all." The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family retired, "well sir," said the man of the house, "now to our business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds?" "Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage." "I have." "And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds." "I do so." "Why, then sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand." The master of the house rose in a passion and turned him out of doors.

## FOR THE ARIEL.

## TO MY MUSE.

From thy light and wild vagary,  
Hither haste, my gentle muse;  
Thou hast wandered, like a fairy,  
Just as every whim might choose.  
  
Thou wert born an idle rover,  
And Old Time a record brings,  
Passing fast my pathway over,  
Since I clipped thy golden wing.  
Into fields celestial floating,  
Thou hast idled wild and long,  
Leaving me, who loved, to doating,  
E'en the gentlest breath of song.  
  
But thy fairy flights are ended—  
I have clipped thy fickle wing,  
And like birds by wires defended,  
Thou must sit thee down and sing.  
  
How my life, though young, is changing!  
Now 'tis changed since boyhood's day!  
Now in life's young morning ranging!  
Fow in life's meridian blaze!  
  
Could my steps, a life retracing,  
Wander into childhood's bower,  
And, each pang of thought effacing,  
Trip it thro' those faded flowers:  
  
It might scatter light and gladness  
Over features pale with pain,  
Bidding grief, and care, and sadness,  
Visit not that face again.  
  
But, alas! 'tis idle dreaming—  
Truth returns with gathered wrath,  
Jealous at the very seeming  
Of a flower in my path.

YORICK.

**MN. EDITOR:**—On perusal of the first piece of the Poem I sent you, for the Ariel, I find several words mis-printed. You will confer a favor on me by noticing them as follows.

20th line, for Crescent, read Cresset.  
27th, " " Gentry, " Sentry.  
" " Worked " Evoked.  
30th, " " Unsinged, " Unpurged.  
45th, " " Bleeting, " Beeting.  
59th, " " Cross, " Brow.

## FOR THE ARIEL.

## TIME: A POEM.—(CONTINUED.)

Hence do I love the sober suited maid;  
Hence night's my friend, my mistress and my theme,  
And she shall aid me now to magnify  
The night of ages—now when the pale ray  
Of starlight penetrates the studious gloom,  
And, at my window seated, while mankind  
Are locked in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze  
Of stillness blow, while, in her saddle stoe,  
Thought, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine,  
Assumes her wonted sway.

Behold the world

Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused  
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now  
Has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans lie  
Locked in each arm, partakers of her rest.  
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;  
The outcast that his head is shelterless,  
His grief unshared.—The mother tends no more  
The daughter's dying slumbers, but surprised  
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,  
Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic, lull'd  
On death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapped,  
Crowning with hope's bland wreath his sundering nurse  
Poor victim! smiles. Silence and deep repose  
Reign o'er the nations; and the warning voice  
Of Nature utters audibly within,  
The general moral; tells us that repose,  
Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,  
Is coming on us—that the weary crowds,  
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,  
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapped around  
With grave clothes; and their acting restless heads,  
Moulder in holes and corners unobserved,  
Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.  
Who needs a teacher to admonish him  
That flesh is grass, that earthly things are mist?  
What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes  
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?  
There's not a wind that blows, but bears with it  
Some rainbow promise; Not a moment flies  
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,  
And reaps its thousands, with their joys and care.  
'Tis but as yesterday, since on yon stars,  
Which now I view, the Chaldee Shepherd\* gazed  
In his mid-watch observant, and disposed  
The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.  
Yet in the interim what mighty shocks  
Have buffeted mankind!—whole nations razed—  
Cities made desolate,—the polished sunk  
To barbarism, and once barbaric states  
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;  
Illustrious deeds, and memorable names  
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue  
Of gray tradition volatile no more.  
Where are the heroes of the ages past?  
Where the brave chieftains? where the mighty ones  
Who flourished in the infancy of days?  
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame  
Exulting, mocking at the pride of man,  
Sits grim forgetfulness.—The warrior's arm  
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;  
Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze  
Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name  
Was mighty on the earth—to-day 'tis what?  
The meteor of the night of distant years,  
That flashed unnoticed, save by the wrinkled old,  
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,  
Who at the lonely lattice saw the gleam  
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly  
Closed her pale lips, and locked the secret up  
Safe in the charnel's treasury.

O how weak  
Is mortal man! how trifling—how confined  
His scope of vision! Puff'd with confidence,  
His phrase grows big with immortality,  
And he, poor insect of a summer's day!  
Dreams of eternal honors to his name;  
Of endless glory and perennial bays.  
He idly reasons of eternity,  
As of the train of ages,—when alas!  
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries  
Are in comparison a little point  
Too trivial for account.—O 'tis strange,  
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies:  
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,  
Whose high domo swells to emulate the skies.  
And smile and say, my name shall live with this,

Till time shall be no more; while at his feet,  
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust  
Of the fallen fabric of the other day,  
Preaches the solemn lesson.—He should know  
That time must conquer; that the loudest blast  
That ever fill'd renown's obstreperous trump,  
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.  
Who lies inurned in the terrific gloom  
Of the gigantic pyramid? or who  
Rear'd its huge walls? Oblivion laughs, and says,  
The prey is mine. They sleep, and never more  
Their name shall strike upon the ear of man—  
Their memory bursts into fitters. P....

(To be Continued.)

\* Alluding to the first astronomical observations made by the Chaldean Shepherds.

**BUFFALO, N. Y.**—It is but little more than fifteen years since the village of Buffalo, by the vicissitudes of war, was laid in ashes,—only two houses remaining amid the general conflagration. A recent enumeration gives the aggregate number of inhabitants at 5,736. A single generation has scarcely passed away, since upon the upper lakes, cradling in their soft embrace their laughing groups of sunny islands,

"With belt and beads in sunlight glittering,  
The Indian urged his skiff, like wild bird on the wing."

Now, there are fifty three American vessels of all descriptions navigating Lake Erie, with an aggregate of 3,611 tonnage, besides Canadian vessels. The arrivals and clearances during the past year have been 572. There are 142 stores of all descriptions, and about 70 manufactorys and mechanic's shops, in the village. There are also four churches, and several schools, with pastors and teachers, perhaps not inferior to those of the Atlantic towns. This certainly exhibits a state of prosperity very flattering, when it is recollect, that not more than thirty years have elapsed, since the whole tract of land west of Utica was an unbroken wilderness, the undisturbed range of the proud lord of the forest.

Look now abroad—another race has filled  
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,  
Gay towns arise, and fertile realms are tilled,  
Streams numberless, that many fountains feed,  
Shine disengaged, and give to sun and breeze  
Their virgin waters. The full regions lend  
New colonies forth, that tow'rs the western seas,  
Spread like a rapid flame among autumnal trees."

**Mrs. REBECCA ALLEN.**—mother to a little girl who suddenly disappeared from her residence in New York in 1822, being then about seven years of age, has offered a reward of \$100 to any person who will give information leading to a discovery of her daughter. She had a fair complexion, dark brown hair, large black eyes: under one of her cheek bones she had a small scar of which the skin had adhered to the flesh.

**LADY POETS.**—Miss Landon, and Mrs. Hemans, divide the popular laurel of the lady poets of the day. They are equally ubiquitous and equally intrepid. No fears of exhaustion disturb or retard the flow of "words that breathe"—no feeling of weariness in themselves, and no misgivings have they of weariness in their readers; they pour forth their floods of nectar, as if the sources could never dry, nor the streams lose their sweetness nor their price. They scatter—to change the figure—there is no talking of poets without figures—they scatter their flowers with a profusion that cares not for the withering—for the loss can easily and instantly be replaced.—The rosebuds are yet young and vigorous—in the full strength of their bearing—of the Macartney kind, and bloom the year round. To L. E. L. indeed it seems a imatter of perfect indifference into what measure she plunges—the medium is equally navigable; her agility and dexterity are the same, and she floats and flows with the same ease.

FROM THE LADIES' MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.

## THE GOOD MATCH.

If the promotion of happiness between two human beings be considered necessary to constitute a *good match*, then no speculation on earth is so uncertain as the matrimonial speculation. There can never be any precise rules laid down by which we may estimate the qualities of mind, and ascertain how any two souls, when compounded and united into "one flesh," will harmonize together. And, worse still, there can be no precise limits, assigned to the passions and whims, no boundaries to prevent their clashing, where we can say "hitherto will they come, but no farther."

A man may buy a horse, or a farm, or cotton manufactory, and if he be a judicious man, and examine thoroughly, and calculate the cost and consider all local circumstances, he may feel pretty secure of making, at least, an *even* bargain. But with all his prudence and foresight, he may be egregiously hoaxed when he makes that contract that only death can annul.

A lady may have an excellent taste, and select her silks and muslins, ribbons and laces, feathers and fans, without committing one blunder in the *matching*; and yet when choosing that *one* beloved, for whom all this array of fashion was selected, she shall be guilty of a mistake, in the fitness of character to secure her own happiness, which neither art nor fashion can remedy.

Perhaps it is the difficulty which attends the investigation of the qualities of mind and heart—the character—that makes most people neglect such things when choosing their partners. It requires thought, and they hate to think—it demands reflection, and it is so dull to reflect. But every gentleman can *see* that a lady is pretty, and every lady can *hear* that a gentleman is rich. It was solely this *seeing* and *hearing* system that decided the destiny of the lovely and accomplished Miss Caroline Anderson. In preferring the man she did for a husband, however, she only followed the bias of her education, since it had been from her childhood, industriously instilled into her mind by her mother that she was very beautiful; and though she was poor, yet her charms would entitle her to expect to marry a rich man; that her happiness, the happiness of residing in an elegant house, and having elegant furniture, and elegant dresses, and above all, living elegantly without being obliged to *work*, depended on her marrying a rich man.

How unfortunate it is for the real happiness of young females, that since to understand "household care," is such an indispensable accomplishment for women, that it cannot be rendered a fashionable one!

Though Caroline Anderson longed to be mistress of a fine house, she disdained to be burdened with any of those domestic cares that ought to be assumed with pride and pleasure by every mistress of a family. And so she consented to accept a man who had offered himself, because she thought he was rich enough to maintain her like a lady. The term lady meaning in her vocabulary, a woman who dressed extravagantly, visited or received company continually, and did nothing at all. The sentiment that good and evil are always mingled, is not more trite than true. Caroline Anderson realized it, when, in the midst of her ardent anticipation of the felicity which the riches she was about to possess must confer, one shocking idea would continually intrude to mar the picture.

It was not that her intended husband was thirty years older than herself, and very plain—gold reconciled her to these objections. But oh! he had such an unsentimental name! Often did she wish it had been Belville, or Delville, or Melville or any name that ended in *ville*; or Dumont, Beaumont, or Belamont, or some name that ended in *mont*! But it was nothing but Crump! If he had only a title, either civil or military; been addressed as

Major Crump, or Nathaniel Crump, Esq. she thought she could have endured it; but to hear him called Nat Crump, nothing but Nat Crump! oh, she did think it horrid. "What's in name?" Poor Caroline thought there was much; and when she put on her bridal dress, formed of materials most rare and costly, and surveyed herself in the glass which told her she was a most charming bride, beautiful enough to be a *novel* heroine, she turned away shuddering at the thought that she must so soon be called Mrs. Crump.

Mr. Crump was not aware that his young wife possessed such a delicate sensitiveness (it is difficult to describe her feelings with *one* word) of nerve, and he immediately commenced calling her Mrs. Crump, Mrs. Crump, without mercy.

It was in vain she hinted to him that "wife," or "Caroline," would please her better, and was all the fashion; he insisted it was not so dignified—and the very day after they were married, they both became irritated, she, that her husband would call her by a name she disliked, and he, that his wife would not like the name by which he tho't proper to call her.

Mr. Crump was one of your pains-taking, penny-saving, proverb-loving people. He had acquired a large property by a very small way of traffic, and in proportion as his stores had increased, it seemed as if his mind had contracted; at least so his neighbors intimated. But pray never attempt to gain credit as a prophet by predicting what a man will do, or will become; especially in our free country, where, as soon as he has the means of living genteel, the blockhead may set up for the gentleman. Nat Crump found he was rich, and built himself an elegant house, only he took care to build it as cheap as possible; and he purchased an elegant suit, only almost every garment being made a little too short, or too tight for the fashion, because the patterns were too scanty; and then he thought if he could marry a young, handsome, accomplished girl, he should be a happy man and a gentleman. He offered himself to Miss Caroline Anderson for no other reason in the world, but only that she was called beautiful and fashionable; in short, quite a belle. He did not love her; he loved nothing on earth, save his money, himself and his bay horse; but he thought he was old enough to have a wife, and that he should be considered more of a gentleman, and invited to parties, &c. and so he determined to marry. And so he offered himself to Miss Caroline Anderson. The world said it would be a good match for Caroline; her friends said it would be a good match, and she thought it would be a very good match.

It is true she had some demurs on the question. One was, that she did not like Mr. Nat Crump; and another was, that she did like a gentleman who was younger and more comely. But then she had been educated to expect to marry a rich man, and the one who pleased her, though industrious and respectable, happened to be poor; in short he was not a good match; and so Miss Caroline accepted the offer of Mr. Nat Crump. "And what's her history? A blank?" A blank indeed of happiness and usefulness—a blank of conjugal affection, domestic quiet and rational felicity. Mr. Crump wished to be thought a man of fine taste, and collected pictures and ornaments, for his spacious apartments, and invited large parties, that he might have the pleasure of hearing his taste and pictures, and ornaments admired. But there was, in all the efforts he made to be distinguished, that perpetual struggle between magnificence in idea, and meanness in detail, that so certainly makes the ridiculous in effect, and this was much heightened by the manner in which he and his wife displayed their characteristic qualities. While Mrs. Crump was delightedly expatiating on the beauties of a picture, by some of the great

masters of the art "divine," her husband, to her great vexation, would be sure to point to some defect or damage in the piece which enabled him to obtain it at a little cheaper rate. And then, though he wished to make a display, he never parted with a cent of cash, even for necessaries for his family, willingly; and this, as she had married him only for the pleasure of spending his property, she resented highly. And she called him mean, and he called her extravagant—she wished she never had seen him; and he wished he never had married her. He was old and fretful, and she was young and wilful; he wished his dinner at one o'clock precisely, and she never would dine till two; she wished to ride to church, though it was only a five minutes walk, and he never would permit the horses to be harnessed on Sunday, because he wished to keep the day holy, and therefore had rather quarrel with his wife than indulge her in any sinful extravagance—and in short, in less than a year from the time they were married, they agreed in no one thing, save regretting the transaction of their wedding day. The friends of Mrs. Crump are very sorry she should live so unpleasantly; but yet as she resides in an elegant house, and dresses elegantly, the world will still say she made a—*good match*.

## LITERARY.

ELIA.—A second series of those quaint and amusing essays which originally appeared under the above title in the London Magazine, has recently been issued from the press of Messrs. Carey, Lea, & Carey, Philadelphia—and may be obtained at Munroe and Francis's, Washington street, Cornhill. The author, Charles Lamb, has acquired the reputation of being one of the best popular writers of the age. His occasional contributions to the London periodicals, have for some years been received with the greatest favor by that numerous class of readers, whose avocations or inclinations admit of mere desultory studies. And now that these productions are embodied in the more tangible form of distinct volumes, they must be acceptable also to readers of more ample appetite. In the work before us may be found samples of every style that is entertaining, polished, and instructive, in the periodical writings of Goldsmith, Johnson and Addison: and yet there is an eccentricity of manner, a spirited independence of tho't, pervading those pages, formed on no particular model, but originating purely in the author's own genius. The public cannot but be highly pleased with this work. It contains articles under the following titles: To Elia; Rejoicings upon the New Year's coming of age; Reflections in the Pillory; Twelfth Night, or What You Will; The old Margate Hoy; A vision of Horns; On the danger of confounding Moral with Personal deformity; On the Melancholy Tailors; The Nuns and Ale of Caverswell; Valentine's Day; On the Inconveniences resulting from being hanged; Letter to an Old Gentleman whose education had been neglected; Old China; On burial Societies, and the character of an Undertaker; Barbara S—; Guy Faux; Poor Relations; The Child Angel; Amicus Redivivus; Blakesmoor in H—shire; Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading; Captain Jackson; Confessions of a Drunkard; The Old actors; The Gentle Giantess; A Character of the late Elia.—Boston Bulletin.

An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern general has said, that the best troops would be as follows; an Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full.

Vice stings us, even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

## MY GREEN TABLE.

Mr. Robert B. Stille will act as Agent for the Ariel in Lancaster, Pa.

BOWER OF TASTE.—This may be the Bower of Taste, but it is not the abode of politeness. We have sent our numbers regularly, received one promising an exchange, and there the exchange ended. So much for Boston manners.

The article upon *Large Trees* is published as requested. Should be glad to hear further from the same source.

An article headed "Friction," not at all appropriate for the Ariel, made its appearance in the last number. It went in by mistake in the editor's absence, as nothing else had been provided. The same may be said of the "Doleful Story."

There is a very surprising diversity in the style and elegance of many of the pieces from the pen of an eastern correspondent. The Revolutionary tale is deficient in interest, because there is neither plot, nor any incident to hang a good remark upon. The Reminiscences of my Cane are very similar. Yet an article recently published is certainly well written. Can it be possible that these are all written by the same pen?—or are they the scribblings of sixteen, now brought forth to be published? We suspect the latter. The writer has talents, but they are of a singular kind. We suspect him to be still very young—if so, he need not be discouraged. If but one article out of an hundred is accepted, it shows that he is sometimes able to write well—supposing that the judge is always right in his decisions.

A few solitary opinions have been hazarded of the *Fair Maid of Perth*: but as no formal review has yet been received from England, no positive opinion can yet be looked for on this side of the water!

ENGRAVINGS.—The practice of embellishing periodicals with engravings, though frequently adopted in the magazines a few years ago, has never been carried to such an extent as at the present time. Like the experiment of enlarging newspapers, it is of doubtful efficacy. In this country in particular, the enterprise of a publisher is but indifferently rewarded by the public, either in the extension of patronage, or in paying for the copies they subscribe for. These causes have operated extensively to prevent the frequency of such embellishments until within the last few years. The *Post Folio*, however, has published an original plate monthly, for several years past. The *New York Mirror* gives a plate every three months—as also does the *Album* of this city.

The frequent use of copperplates has given a wonderful impetus to the trade in literature. It is estimated that an hundred thousand dollars are annually expended for copperplates, to embellish the various periodicals of London. In this country, the whole union could scarcely afford so enormous an expenditure.

There are few means of adding to the value of a work, more pleasing than by engravings. There are associations connected with every narrative we read, which every one desires to see delineated upon paper, in a shape that the mind can at once locate and recognize. In England immense sums have been expended in the engravings of illustrations of her history, the curiosities of the country, natural and artificial, and the portraits of her distinguished characters. The overgrown fortunes of the nobility, and their natural vanity to see the deeds of their progenitors start anew into life, have been the means of producing these expensive specimens of British art. Although our own country is an hundred times more prolific in natural scenes more worthy of the artist's notice; and though our brief history as a nation is replete with incidents of thrilling interest, yet the poverty of the country, and a want of the same degree of taste for the fine arts, have prevented these glorious scenes from being delineated by the engraver.

A taste for such things, however, is now abroad among us, and is rapidly extending. There is a disposition among publishers to gratify it, even beyond their means. The public should therefore be ready to meet their enterprising spirit with open hands, and not suffer them, by heavy losses, to regret having ever embarked in the praiseworthy undertaking.

## FOR THE ARIEL.

She gave me for  
My pains a world of sighs; she swore  
In faith 'twas strange, 'twas wonderous strange.

## OTHELLO.

It is difficult to imagine any thing more calculated to excite our pity and compassion, than a mind in ruins. When we behold the noblest works of art crumbling beneath the weight of ages, or rolling their black, thick smoke to heaven as if calling down just judgment upon desolating armies, the mind is filled with regret. But when we see the body torn and shattered by a disordered intellect, we experience a something that awes us into silence, as if this fortress of man's strength and superiority, had been made desolate by some ruthless foe.

Similar to these were my feelings, when, a few weeks since, a letter informed me, that L. N. was crazed.—I had known her when all the charms of youth and beauty beamed upon a countenance, mild, and expressive; when a vigorous intellect, and a brilliant imagination gave life and interest to many a social circle of her youthful companions—she was possessed of a form tall, and slender, and a mild blue eye at once expressive of a refined and delicate sensibility—gracefulness and ease marked every movement—she sung delightfully—and never can I forget the peculiar force which her well modulated voice gave to the noble sentiment of friendship so happily expressed in "Auld Lang Syne," as a few of us were grouped around the winter fireside, the evening previous to our final separation. In a word, she combined those many nameless qualities, which render woman amiable and lovely.

Such was she when I last saw her, and being such, it is no wonder she had many admirers—and she had one *lover*—yes, George loved her—he was nearly of her own age, possessed of a fine mind, and reputedly the handsomest young man in College—for he had now entered on his senior years. As a competitor for the palm in many of the college exercises he had borne off the highest praise. None envied him, for all thought him deserving.

It was no wonder then, that his love was reciprocated. Though she loved him,

"She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek."

For prudence was such a strong trait in her character, that it was long before she even dared reveal the secret to her own bosom, that her heart was unalterably another's.

After leaving College, George concluded, with the consent of his friends, to reside a year or two in Virginia, thinking it would be of service to him to enjoy for a while the polished society of that old and respectable state. He had given the parting farewell to his widowed mother, his brothers, and his sisters—but as the gig rolled rapidly up the broad avenue that led to his Lucy's father, he felt that the tenderest tie that bound him to his native hills, was yet to be severed. They met, with hearts too full for utterance—in broken sentences he expressed the hope that they should soon meet again under more favorable auspices. "Go," she replied to him,—

"Go youth beloved, to distant glades,  
New hopes, new fears, new joys to find,  
Yet sometimes deign 'mid fairer maidens,  
To think on her thou leav'st behind."

He spoke not, but sealed a kiss upon her hand with the impress of a tear—he jumped into the gig, and the next moment as they turned the corner from the avenue into the main road, he saw the gentle wave of her white handkerchief in answer to his own.

A mutual interchange of letters for a while shortened the distance between them; but whether "amid fairer maidens" he ceased to think of her, or whether it was owing to some other cause that his letters became less frequent, till they greeted her not at all, I will not attempt to divine.

With man, love is often but a borrowed garb. Not so with woman—it is the business of her life, the constituent of her nature. In the case of which I have been speaking, it had burned with a smothered flame even from childhood—her fondest dreams of future happiness were founded on its strength—with its consummation she had associated the fairest visions of her youth, she formed no plan, indulged no hope, but what was in some way or other connected with this vestal flame of her virgin love: and when the rude blast of adversity had wrested it from her grasp, hope fled—and with it reason—yes, reason that never was enthroned in a fairer or more lovely form, took its flight, and L. N. was crazed.

I cannot close this short narrative better than by an extract from her *Album*, which she was often repeating, and which, from its fulfilment, might almost be deemed prophetic.

"I once had launch'd a little bark,  
And in it all my wealth consign'd,  
Nor thought alas! of billows dark,  
Nor of the angry, faithless wind;

But soon 'twas dashed upon a rock,  
And sunk—to rise again? no, never—  
Too weak to bear the storm's rude shock,  
'Twas lost forever.

That little bark was e'en my heart,  
Which on the sea of life I east,  
With pride I saw it then depart,  
The storm was disappointment's blast.  
My every hope by fancy deck'd,  
I put on board, return they'll never,  
The rock was fate on which 'twas wreck'd,  
And lost forever." HORATIO.

Hillsboro', Jasper county, Geo.

## SONG.

"Behold me," sung Hassan the fearless and free,  
"On the steed which obeys not a master but me,  
Who points like the quills of the eagle his ears,  
And whose bound o'er the desert is light as the deer's.  
Behold me with sabre well sharpened and bright,  
And with pistol new flinted and burnished for fight,  
My cap with fresh scarlet so gaily be-done,  
And my baldric of silver which gleams in the sun.  
When my true love espies me, the heart in her breast  
Shall beat quick as the pigeon's, when robbed of her  
nest;  
She will bush the hoarse watch-dog, and lie to the grove,  
That the eyes of her kindred espy not her love,  
Yet, let them deserv me—their wrath I defy,  
And why should she tremble when Hassan is nigh?  
Like the hawk from the evey, selecting his prey,  
From the midst of her tribe I would bear her away,  
I would mount her behind me," sung Hassan the free,  
"On the steed that obeys not a rider but me:  
Who points like the eagle's sharp feathers his ears,  
And whose bound o'er the desert is light as the deer's.

Marulla, a girl of the Island of Lemnos, distinguished herself for deeds of valor, in defending the Island against an attack of the Turks in the time of Mahomet. The commander of the Venitian fleet, who came to the succour of the Island, having heard of her achievements, invited her to select any one of his unmarried *captains* as a husband, promising her at the time that the Republic would endow and adopt her. She replied "that the difference was great between the virtues of the field and those of the household; that an excellent captain might make a bad father of a family; that marriage was not a military affair, &c."

A country clergyman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges. "You remind me," said an aged divine, "of a calf that sucked two cows." "What was the consequence?" said a third person. "Why sir," replied the old gentleman, very gravely, "the consequence was that he was a very great calf."

OUR ENJOYMENTS ARE CONDITIONAL.—If we had it in our power to gratify every wish, we should soon feel the effects of a surfeit.

## COMMUNICATION.

MR. EDITOR:—Please inform me what "C." in your last number means? Q.

## MARRIED.

On Saturday the 7th inst. by the Rev. Halloway W. Hunt, Mr. Clarkson Runyon, of New York city, formerly of the New Brunswick Post Office, to Miss Matilda C. daughter of Simeon Mundy, Esq. of Mituchen, N. J.

At Elizabethtown on the 15th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Keenan, Mr. Peter McConroy, of Lancaster, to Miss Rebecca Rudisill, daughter of Jno. A. Rudisill, of Franklin county, Pa.

In Macon, Geo. by the Rev. Mr. Gardner, Mr. Nathan C. Munroe, merchant, to Miss Tabitha E. Napier, daughter of Major Thomas Napier.

## THE ARIEL

Is published every other Saturday, by Edmund Morris, No. 64 Spruce Street Philadelphia, at \$1 50 per annum, in advance.

Every third number will be embellished with a handsome quarto copperplate engraving. Subscribers out of the city will have their papers deposited in the post office the evening prior to publication, so as to reach them by the earliest mails.

Any person who will procure seven subscribers, and remit \$10, at the editor's risk, shall receive an eighth copy for his trouble. Orders for copies thankfully received.—All letters must be post paid.

## FROM WILSON'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA.

## FLOOD AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

The following account of the flood at St. Petersburg, in 1824, is given by Mr. Wilson in his Travels in Russia, &c.—“On the night of the 24th of Nov. the signal lamps were hung round the top of the steeple, in consequence of a strong westerly wind impeding the rapid current from Lake Ladoga, and thereby causing a tremendous swell in the Neva and all the canals. By twelve o'clock the following day, nearly the whole city was laid under water, and a scene of horror ensued that absolutely baffles description; for sentry boxes, timber, furniture, and all kinds of provisions might be seen floating in enormous masses along the streets, while dark rolling clouds added to the frightful spectacle, and the water dashed over the roofs of the highest houses. In one quarter of the town, that called the Smolensky, the very mansions of the dead were invaded, graves torn open, and the coffins every where floated about. The water was now seven feet above the pavement in all parts of the city. Many persons never supposing it would attain such a height, had left their houses to witness the increase of the Neva; but alas! on attempting to return to them, perished in the flood. All the bridges were swept away, and the broken barges, rafts of wood, gallots, and vessels of various descriptions, carried along with them the lamp-posts, smashed the windows, were hurling to and fro, and some of the streets were choked up by them. In another quarter the Vissili Ostrov, where most of the houses are of wood, the destruction was tremendous; for these buildings were torn up from their very foundations, and entirely swept away, with the dead bodies of their inmates. Amidst these scenes of horror, many instances of truly wonderful, and almost providential rescue from destruction occurred, among which the following deserve to be noticed.—In one house that was surrounded with water, there were several children, who, as the flood increased, first had recourse to a chair, and when it reached to the top of that, they mounted a table. In this situation, perilous as it was, they fell asleep, and on awaking, found that their floating couch nearly touched the ceiling; by this means, however, they were miraculously saved. The second instance is that of a cradle being carried away by the flood, with a male child in it, who, like another Moses, was wonderfully preserved. A wooden house having been lifted from its foundation, was set afloat and washed into the Admiralty yard, and on searching this it was found to contain much property. On the water subsiding, the dead body of a female was found kneeling, in the act of supplicating to the image of a saint affixed to the wall. Throughout the city all was terror, despair, and dismay; for the terrified inhabitants imagined a general deluge was about to take place.”

## FROM THE BACHELOR'S JOURNAL.

## CORPORAL TRIM'S ADVICE TO THE PRINTER.

“I pity the printer,” said my uncle Toby, “He is a poor devil,” rejoined I.—*Trist Shandy.*

Toby, ‘tis true, the printer’s life  
Is one of toil, and care, and strife,  
With many a rub and hit;  
To please us all he surely tries,  
But what with truth and what with lies,  
He never makes it fit.

The printer’s life!—oh! hard it is,  
To thus endure the weekly quiz  
On efforts of his pen;  
The printer no one can forgive,  
The printer cannot sin and live—  
He cannot please all men.

For all he works; yet ten to one,  
That in the end he pleases none,  
And only makes it worse;  
Whene’er he thinks to please, he finds  
He cannot suit the many minds,  
But only gets a curse!

I’ve seen, when on a hurried day,  
He gets a note, but cannot stay  
To pore its contents o’er;  
He throws it in the common mint,  
The types are set, ‘tis soon in print,  
And he gets damn’d the more.

Nor is this all—a piece he’ll find,  
Which pleases mighty his mind—  
He thinks it must ‘go down;’  
He puts it in, but to his cost,  
‘He reckon’d there without his host,’  
—He’s damn’d all over town!

The pretty maid with pouting lip,  
Turns o’er the paper, thence to sip  
A draught from Hymen’s place;  
But ah! the luckless printer then  
Has fill’d his sheets to please the men;  
He loses Anna’s grace!

At other times, the party man,  
With spes on nose, sits down to scan  
The paper for its ire;

To search for libels, jeers, and scoffs,  
He finds none there, his spes are off—  
The weekly’s in the fire!

With honest Trim, I freely say,  
Were I a printer of this day,  
I’d write to please myself!

I’d ne’er give up my ground for aught,  
Retract a line, a word, a thought,  
For all their paltry pelf!

By none’s caprice would I be sway’d,  
Their whims should never hurt my trade,  
I’d never swerve an inch;

I’d mark me out a line to take,  
Nor follow in another’s wake,  
However hard the pinch.

*Myself I’d please—I would not bend,  
Corruption’s courses to defend,*

As modern printers seem;  
An independent course I’d plead,  
And could I not in this succeed,  
I’d freely kick the beam!

## FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

## LOVE IN THE NEW COUNTRY.

“O! love in such a wilderness,”  
How smooth it always runs!  
How lucky are its daughters,  
How fortunate its sons.  
You never hear of poison,  
And hanging’s out of date,  
And people will get wedded  
At some or other rate.

“On Monday last, was married,  
By Reverend Mr. Cotton,  
John Hezekiah Smith  
To Sally Temperance Watton:  
All of this town.”—And so it goes,  
There’s very little billet-douling,  
Though five and twenty Mr. Smiths,  
To fifty Wattons go a wooing.

“Could a body have you, Betsey?”  
“Well, I reckon as you might—  
I’ll go straight and ask mamma,  
And let you know to-night.—  
Mama says yes—But Pa says no—  
I’ll run away—if you’re inclin’?”  
“No consequence, since morning,  
I believe I’ve changed my mind.”

Once in a while, the prints  
Give out a “Horrid Death.”  
On Wednesday last, Miss Brown  
Expired from want of breath.  
Self-hanged! and love is thought to be  
At the bottom of the slaughter,”  
Pshaw! how the daily papers lie—  
‘Twas nought but gin and water.

A gentleman and lady  
At a party chat together;  
With a word or two about their healths,  
And a word about the weather—  
At ten o’clock the gentleman  
Sees the lady to the door—  
Which perhaps at most may be about  
Some three rods off or more.

Now who would think a thing like this  
Should be the lad’s undoing?  
Yes—the female fates have all agreed  
That a match is surely brewing.  
“A positive engagement, Ma’am,  
Indeed—you need not stare—  
I think it a very great thing for her,  
For you know, Ma’am, he’s an heir.”  
And old maids talk—and young maids  
All talk of promise breaking;  
And the pair soon consummate a match  
Of other people’s making.—  
This is love in the new country,—  
Alas! for the state of things—  
I, for one, cannot wonder at all,  
That Cupid is painted with wings.

The annexed poem is from the New England Weekly Review, published at Hartford, Conn. There is a pleasing vein of thought running through the whole, which, together with a peculiarly happy manner of expressing it, imparts the charm of genuine poetry. It purports to be an extract from a poem of some length: if so, we should be glad to see other specimens. This country boasts so many splendid, rural scenes, which the poet hath not noticed, so many “rivers unknown to song,” that we greet with feelings of

satisfaction, the successful effort of one who seems so able to

“Sing their praises in immortal verse.”

## AMERICAN SCENERY.

How many bards pour forth their lays  
To tell some tale of olden times,  
Or chant another nation’s praise,  
Or sing of other climes;  
And oft of deeds by warriors done  
In battles fought, and battles won.  
I’ve fancied such in brightest dream;  
But now to nobler strains—I’ll wake  
My lyre to liberty, and take  
My country for my theme.

To tell thy glory would be vain,  
For, happy clime—tame speaks for thee,  
I then will touch a softer strain  
And sing of Poesy;

For all that meets the wilder’d eye  
Seems gilded with a beauteous dye,  
For all thy boundless solitudes  
Dear land—are like the gardens, bright  
With golden tints of morning light,  
When young thoughts play in wild delight,  
When fancy fondly broods.

Around these desert wilds—a hue  
Of changeless beauty seems to play,  
Soft as the heaven’s tints of blue,  
Mild as the setting ray.  
Their only music is the roar  
Of waters rippling on the shore,  
Or silver streams that leap along,  
Or winds that moan a lullaby,  
As’twere to still thine own soft sigh,  
That sweetly blends its melody  
With some lone cuckoo’s song.

Can we then find no pleasure here,  
Or can the eye no beauty meet?  
In solitude so wild, and dear,  
Is then there nothing sweet?  
In trackless shades, and wilderness,  
Are earth’s enjoyments rendered less?  
Ab no! methinks to sit alone  
And view the lightning’s flash at even  
Blazoning on the skirts of heaven,  
Or snowy clouds by Zephyr’s driven,  
Is pleasure seldom known.

My country, such are thine alone;  
Thy fields when decked in garb of green,  
Thy wild flowers when in beauty blown,  
Or bent with dew-drops sheen,  
Remind’s me of some hallowed glade,  
That’s lone, and secret, and arrayed  
Like Eden’s garden—or like bowers  
Where artless-day dreams love to play,  
Where foliage clad in spring’s array  
Alone is warmed by summer’s ray  
Freshen’d by summer’s showers.

Is it a pleasure then to hear  
The noise of waters? or to view  
The skies when no dark clouds appear  
To shade its fields of blue?  
If so—I’d call my native land  
Home of the beautiful, and grand;  
For its blue waves that roll so free  
Seem bright as stars reflected there,  
And murmur on as calm, and clear  
As the soft smiles of heaven that wear  
A sweet serenity.

And then again at dawn of day  
How beauteous art thou?  
Thy shades of lingering twilight seem  
Like tints of glory in a fairy dream,  
Like setting sun when its dim ray  
Will in expiring beauty play  
On some majestic mountain brow;  
Then in the dales gay warblers throng  
To welcome day with matin song.  
Thy scenes of noon-day too, appear  
As bright as skies of Italy,  
And then to know that all we see  
And love—belong alone to thee,  
Must make thee doubly dear.

And there at eve—the lowing herds  
Return to rest—and night’s dim shades  
Appear to hush the gay-wing’d birds  
That chirp amid the glades,  
And winds that howl through desert caves  
Are lulled in calm—and ocean’s waves  
In night’s deep stillness float;  
And then at last when day is done,  
Some nightingale will perch upon  
The mountain brow—to carol on  
And wind its farewell note.

He who leaves things certain, and pursues  
things uncertain, loses what he has obtained,  
and misses what he expects.